

## The Evening World.

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## FOIL THE CONSPIRATORS.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fact that wheat exports for December were five times what they were a year ago, the National Association of Retail Grocers is convinced that after the huge wheat crop harvested in 1914 "wheat held at present in the United States is of sufficient quantity to make the present high prices unwarranted," also "that speculation in wheat is more directly responsible for its high cost than actual supply and demand."

This view thoroughly accords with the nation's experience of last fall when foodstuffs began to soar under the manipulation of gentlemen who saw big money in war prices. Attorney General Gregory has called upon District Attorneys in Chicago and Minneapolis to find out whether there is any corner or combine operating in the wheat market. The Departments of Commerce and of Agriculture are asked to produce information relating to wheat and flour exports for the past two years.

Exports or no exports, the best hope of safeguarding the cost of bread in this country is to camp on the trail of speculation. Watch out for combinations and conspiracies. The law of supply and demand gets knocked endways when speculative greed sets its heart on profits from famine prices.

First reports concerning the causes of the explosion on the U. S. armored cruiser San Diego, which killed four men and injured nine others, point to grave carelessness on somebody's part. Low water in a boiler is an elementary peril which the humblest tender of a donkey engine is taught to avoid.

## ROUGH NECK LAW.

**F**URTHER light on the kind of deputy sheriff imported into New Jersey to shoot up strikers is found in The Evening World's astounding story from the lips of a leader who recruited twenty-eight of the posse that fired, and fired to kill, upon the unarmed crowd at Roosevelt last Tuesday.

According to this man, who had the contract, the twenty-eight were rounded up in three hours from professional "rough necks" in Manhattan, hustled over to New Jersey, told to "think up a nifty New Jersey address," and sworn in wholesale by a Sheriff who never even troubled to ask their names.

After the shooting, while the Prosecuting Attorney was looking for the deputies who fired the shots, eighteen of the New York gunmen who might be easily picked out by the strikers as the ones whose bullets went home, were "combed out of the bunch and smuggled over the water to Staten Island."

That law and authority can be so shamefully travestied in any State of the Union should set every other State to overhauling its police. There can be small doubt that a State constabulary is an improvement over any system under which silk badges can make deputy sheriffs out of bruisers and thugs.

## HAWKS.

Drawing a handkerchief from her handbag, a Williamsburg girl on her way to the bank dropped \$250 in bills on a street corner. In a jiffy a horde of loafers sprang from somewhere, pounced upon the scattering greenbacks, fought for them, made off with them, until, by the time a policeman arrived, only \$39 could be found to return to the weeping owner. And, as the police said, "the worst of it was nothing could be done about it."

Civilization is a pretty ragged garment. Even in this big and fairly well-ordered city anybody who drops a quarter has a slim chance of having it handed back to him. In the case of the Williamsburg girl, between snatching the money from her hand and stealing it as it fell at her feet, where was the moral difference? To see it to take it. Birds of prey are everywhere waiting to swoop down on anything of value that gets separated from its owner. Yet there are people who complain that city dwellers button tight and look frigid!

## FORT LEE FERRY FARES.

**L**OWER fares on the Fort Lee Ferry are in sight. The fight led by The Evening World, with the aid of the "sixteen fighting Mayors" and the Improvement Association of Eastern Bergen County, has won point after point.

When the Bergen County Freeholders, upheld by a decision of the United States Supreme Court, passed a resolution last June directing a reduction of ferry fares, the ferry owners obtained an injunction restraining the Freeholders from carrying out the order. Recent conferences between the Freeholders and the Public Service Corporation (which runs pretty much everything in New Jersey, including the Fort Lee Ferry) have been leading to a compromise. Counsel for the Public Service Corporation is now said to admit that regular patrons of the ferry are entitled to lower rates.

Cheaper ferriage at this point means much to Harlem merchants. It means much to Eastern New Jersey in further opening up the attractive country across the river. Next spring should find both shores in full enjoyment of the benefits assured.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Monuments to men really great are superfluous.  
A lady man can always think of many things that others ought to do.—Albany Journal.  
Some people have no higher ambition than to be known by the company they keep.  
Next to the fellow who would conceal a part of what he does is the one who defends everything he does.—Hartford Banner.  
Many fellows get up broke in the morning, remarked the man on the street, and then they go to work and come home with a few dollars.  
Some men have three or four salaries on their list of expenses and still are not getting ahead.  
Some men are known by the things they might have accomplished but didn't.—Atlanta Journal.  
People who hunt trouble never kill it; they catch it alive and domesticate it.  
Some people tell untruths because they lack moral courage to refuse to answer questions which should not be asked.—Albany Journal.  
When a man feels like kicking himself he doesn't want anybody else to help.  
Some men who have three or four salaries on their list of expenses and still are not getting ahead.

## You Never Can Tell

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**W**HEN Mr. Jarr, in what was practically the custody of Fritz, arrived at the tenement where Fritz, the shipping clerk, resided he found a little group of neighbors assembled on the stoop discussing the low means and walls that could be heard issuing from the ground floor flat on the right, where Fritz had his domicile.

Innumerable children shrieked and disported in the street and on the sidewalk, their childish play being in the nature of riot and assault with sticks and stones. A hush fell upon the group of adults as the worried Fritz and the even more worried Mr. Jarr approached. And Fritz and Mr. Jarr passed within in silence.

"It's a doctor he's got with him," said a stout woman.

"Well, everybody has their life," replied a sallow woman with a pall under her shawl. "And it ain't every gentleman goes and fetches a doctor when he beats up his wife. But Fritz was perfectly sober and muddled, his wife called him out of his name. That's one thing a gentleman won't stand for if he's sober—being called out of his name."

"But it ain't his wife's voice, and, anyway, he's afeared of his wife," remarked the stout woman. "I think it's his sister. She's the fat lady visiting them, and very refined."

"It's hysterics, that's what it is, I think," said the lady with the pall under the shawl. "Maybe she wants to go to the war in Germany and nurse the wounded soldiers and they won't take her because she is a fat lady."

Meanwhile Mr. Jarr and Fritz had been admitted to the front room by Mr. Malachi Hogan, the boarder. For Fritz's wife could get only as far as the doorway to the back parlor; owing to the folding bed being down. Fatima lay sobbing in the bed.

Mr. Jarr in his best judicial manner

took a chair beside the bed, and while Fritz and Mr. Hogan nodded their heads in approval (and Mrs. Fritz began a calm recital to Fatima as to the futurity and foolishness of her course), Mr. Jarr

## Mr. Jarr Is Now the Guest of Honor

At a Very Exclusive Trouble-Fest

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## What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

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**W**AS TO "RADIANCE"—WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM.

"WHAT IS IT?" inquired the Bachelor, curiously, taking the bit of pink chiffon and lace which the Widow held out to him, and holding it gingerly between his thumb and his forefinger.

"I don't know," answered the Widow, as she lovingly smoothed the soft ruffles. "But isn't it BEAUTIFUL?"

"I can't tell whether it's a sewing bag, a lamp shade or a boudoir cap; but I bought it because it seemed so adorable and useless and mysterious and foolish and expensive and fascinating."

"Just like a woman!" murmured the Bachelor.

"Just like a MAN, you mean!" retorted the Widow, with a toss of her small chin.

"Well," agreed the Bachelor, with a chuckle, "we MAY be adorable and fascinating, but we are useful!"

"I didn't mean that," interrupted the Widow quickly. "I mean that woman may BUY things because they are useless and frivolous and flimsy and foolish; but she doesn't MARRY them, for that reason, as a man does. Besides," she went on, without noticing the Bachelor's pretended wince, "the 'beautiful' is just as useful as the 'useful,' in this world; and before I get gray and dull and pensive!"

"Before you get—what?" exclaimed the Bachelor in horror.

"Before I get to be useful rather than ornamental," explained the Widow. "I'm going to have all the sunshine and flowers and frills!"

"And frivolity and flirtations," put in the Bachelor softly.

"And music and pictures and perfume and poetry," corrected the Widow. "That I can afford. Yes, and MORE than I can afford!" she added defiantly. "I used to think that all those things were superfluous and foolish; and that money spent for roses and violets and chiffons was wasted. But now I know better; and now, like the poet, I'm going to 'buy hyscine to feed my soul!'"

## A Square Meal for the Soul.

"THE 'poet' was—or a poet!" murmured the Bachelor apologetically.

"Well, he was right, anyhow," returned the Widow cheerfully. "Those things DO get into the soul, and color it and sweeten it and perfume it and lift it up; and lots of people who spend their money on champagne and pate-de-foies-gras to feed their bodies would be more fascinating and less fat if they would spend it on the things that feed the mind. People who lead a gray lives soon grow to have dull, gray faces and dull-colored personalities. People who give all their time to money-getting and saving and cooking and eating and studying and 'improving' themselves don't 'improve' at all; they just dry up and prove the truth of the saying, 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes.' But if a woman wants to keep young and beautiful and buoyant she must feed her eyes and her ears and her senses with all things stimulating and beautiful. Just look at Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott and all the other actresses!"

"I always do," went on the Widow, ignoring the digression. "Just SUBSIST on lights and music and flowers and pretty clothes. They simply radiate these things! And RADIANCE is a woman's greatest charm. It is what makes some women of sixty more charming than others of sixteen. It is what makes one turn around in the street to stare after a pretty woman. Yes, and it's what makes men marry butterflies and chorus girls and yellow-haired maids!"

"What!" exclaimed the Bachelor.

## Cornering the Beauty Market

"THEY get so tired of all the other kinds," explained the Widow, with a sigh—"the 'noble, high-minded' kind with a mission; and the 'dutiful' kind, who can cook and sew and darn and save the pennies; and the 'intellectual' kind, who are as dry and dull as the bindings of the books they live in; and the simple, colorless kind, who don't know anything! And it seems such a pity; because EVERY woman could be 'radiant' and fascinating if she would only stop and think and give a little time to it."

"Good Lord!" muttered the Bachelor, "I thought they gave ALL their time to it!"

"Why should the frivolous ones corral all the beauty?" demanded the Widow, without heeding the interruption. "Why did God put so much beauty into the world, if it wasn't necessary—flowers and perfume and song birds and sunsets? They aren't of the slightest use to anybody, but Providence seemed to think that they were absolutely necessary. Of course, all good things aren't beautiful, but don't you think all beautiful things are good?"

"I don't know," mused the Bachelor, critically regarding the Widow's glowing face and perfect elbow through a haze of cigarette smoke. "Are YOU—for instance?"

"Am I who?—Now, what are you doing with that frill, Mr. Weather-by?" for the Bachelor had picked up the bit of lace and chiffon.

"I was just thinking," he said dreamily, "how exactly like a woman!"

"Foolish, mysterious, useless, enigmatic, frivolous!"

"MR. WEATHERBY!"

"BUT NECESSARY! Yes," he concluded with a sigh, "woman, poetry, love and flirtation—they are just the 'frills' around the edge of life—but we can't do without 'em!"

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